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Muse on the mouldering wall, with ivy
clad,
And say, Thus fades the glory of this
world.*
'Thus shall the conqueror's brow, with
laurel bound,
Drop to its kindred dust:—towns, cities
states,
Kingdoms, and empires, all shall fade
like these.

C.E.

FRIENDSHIP.

O! Heav'n-born Friendship, how I oft
have long'd
To feel thy softest kindest influence;
But still deceiv'd, and cheated of my
hope!
Thou dear, delightful interchange of mind,
Sweetest and best of boons by Heaven be-
stow'd
On man, when shall I taste thee unalloy'd
By this world's dross? Where is thy foun-
tain pure,
Whose limpid wave can wash my cares
away?

Oh! shall I ever in this faithless world
Find one true soul, one honest, steadfast
mind,
To whom I fearless may unlock my heart,
And pour out every thought without re-
serve,
Each secret wish and feeling as they rise?

How dreadful to live single, and cut off
From all the sympathies that sweeten life!
To look around, and find the busy haunts
Of men, a wilderness, a dreary vale,
Where all are strangers to the heart's soft
tents!

Is there a man whose soul is form'd to
feel
Those pure, those dear delights, friend-
ship alone
Can give, (the image of Angelic bliss),
O! let me look upon his Heavenly face,
And mark the traces of superior being.

See the cold worldlings, still intent on
gain,
Hear their professions, listen how they
call
Each man their friend, yet friendship never
know.
No Damon offers now to pledge his
life

* "Sic transit gloria mundi."

For his lov'd friend, no faithful Pythias
now,
Redeems that pledge so generously giv'n.
All now are bent on gold, friendship's no
more,
But fled with virtue back again to heav'n.
C.E.

LOVE.

"Age, jam meorum
Finit amorum."

AND shall I never can you mine?
And must I all my hopes resign?
Was it for this soft wishes sto
In silent rapture thro' my soul?
Was it for this that beaming eye,
First taught my breast to breathe a sigh!
Was it for this I saw that face,
So rich with nature's loveliest grace?
For this I heard these accents sweet,
With virtue, sense, and taste replete?

'Tis done;—the dream of bliss is o'er,
And I must view these charms no more;
No more must gaze upon that eye,
And tell my feelings by a sigh;
No more must watch each lovely grace,
That beams upon that Angel face;
No more must hear those accents sweet,
That once forbade my heart to beat:
Fancy's delusive dream is gone,
And I am left to weep alone.

Seductive hope first bade me try
The changes of a summer's sky;
Allur'd my humble bark from shore,
To tempt the seas where tempests roar;
Then left me to the lawless wind,
Without one ray to cheer my mind:—
The thunders roar, the billows roll.
Despair sits heavy on my soul.

Dec. 13, 1811.

C.E.

To the Proprietors of the Belfast Magazine.

IF the following verses (which were
never before offered for publication,) seem
worthy a place in your excellent Maga-
zine, you will greatly oblige a constant
reader by inserting them. The author had
not completed her fourteenth year, when
she wrote them; and fearing that the sub-
ject was too grave to suit the taste of the
generality of readers, she was diffident in
submitting her production to public in-
spection. She now, however, offers it to
your consideration, conscious that if it be

not entirely destitute of merit, you will
not consign it to oblivion.

Your humble Servant,
Donaghcloney.

MATILDA.

RELIGION.

THRO' all life's varied scenes of grief and
joy,
Of fancied pleasure, and of real pain,
What most our wishes and our thoughts
employ,
But which we sigh for, and desire in vain?
Each morn beholds us, *happiness* in view,
With eager steps advance to seize the
prize;
And still the chase, tho' fruitless, we re-
new,
It still eludes us, and the phantom flies;
'Till tired with trifles, which can charm
no more,
A surer aid to happiness we find,
A gem more precious than the Indies
store,
Tho' oft derided by th' unthinking mind.
'Tis thou, Religion! safest guide of youth,
And firmest prop, when in declining age,
Thou stor'st our minds with virtue, love,
and truth,
And cheer'st our spirits when in life's last
stage.
Immured within a solitary cell,
With no kind friend to soothe his heart-
felt woe,
The wretched captive here must ever dwell,
Nor peace, nor comfort, doth his bosom
know.
If mild Religion's influence o'er his mind,
Calms each rude passion which disturbs, to
rest,
Assures him in another world he'll find
His doubts, his sorrows, and his fears re-
prest;
Then cheering Hope resumes his former
seat,
And tells of lasting happiness in store,
His former tales of pleasure doth repeat,
Where sin and sorrow can disturb no
more.
'Tis not that Hope which fix'd on human
things,
Derives its sweetness from the thoughts of
life.
Nor like a dream, which in the morning
brings
But disappointment, misery, and strife.
No! 'tis a Hope which earthly good defies,
And mounts superior to a world of care—
Assured of endless bliss beyond the skies,
He learns the evils of his lot to bear.
When fortune frowns upon our future
years,

And seems to mark our days with ceaseless
cares,
When chill Affliction first excites our fears,
And penury a form terrific wears,
Religion's precepts shed a cheering ray,
Dispel the mists that o'er our spirits hung,
Bid us look forward to a happier day,
"For mild persuasion hangs upon her
tongue."
Religion! source whence real comforts
flow,
Thy heavenly influence calms the troubled
breast,
Assuages grief—alleviates our woe,
And points the weary wand'rer where to
rest.
Possess of thee, tho' pain our bosom's
rend,
Tho' keenest trials in life's scenes we trace,
Each care seems light—misfortune proves
a friend,
And all desponding thoughts to Hope give
place.
Oh! when the little lamp of life is spent,
And earth receding from my languid eyes,
May thou to me impart—what Heaven has
sent,
That consolation which the world denies.
And ere that time arrives, subdue my will,
In adverse fortune bid my murmurs cease,
Correct my passions—root out ev'ry ill,
And guide my erring feet to paths of
peace.

MATILDA.

SELECTED POETRY.

INSCRIPTION FOR A DISSENTER'S
MEETING-HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY.

ALTHO' within this Holy Hall
'The beauteous arts have never stood,
To image on the storied wall
Our Pilgrim Prophet doing good:

We need no paintings gaudy show,
To print his kindness on our heart;
Who, while he wept at human woe,
Pour'd balsam on the sufferer's heart.

Tho' here no sculptors pious hands
Engrav'd the mighty victim's death,
We can obey the lov'd commands,
Taught by his last, his dying breath.

We claim no organ's solemn tone,
To wing our praises to the sky;
The incense of the heart alone
Climbs, with a welcome wing, on high